

ADDRESSES *at*
the FUNERAL *of*
HENRY GEORGE

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ADDRESSES

AT THE FUNERAL OF

HENRY GEORGE

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1897

At the Grand Central Palace, New York City

Compiled by

EDMUND YARDLEY

With an Introduction by

HENRY GEORGE, JR.



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N the morning after the funeral the writer procured copies of all the daily papers, hoping to find in them such reports of the burning words to which he had listened the day before, delivered over the body of a fallen leader, as would enable him to bring once more before his mind the impressive occasion. How disappointed he was at the inadequate outlines there given it is unnecessary to state to anyone who has tried a similar experiment. Fearing then that

these orations would be irrevocably lost, he set to work with the aid of his memory and such help as these sketches gave him, to reconstruct what was said. Such is the origin of this collection. After being written out, the addresses were submitted to the respective speakers, and were corrected and approved by them, except in the case of Father McGlynn, from whom no reply was received. While this is to be regretted, it may be inferred, I think, since the changes made by the others were slight, that he considered the report substantially correct. E. Y.

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INTRODUCTION.

On Sunday, October 31, 1897, police in outlying streets had to restrain the throng desiring to enter the Grand Central Palace, on Lexington avenue, between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets. From an early hour in the morning two continuous columns of people moved through the main entrance, up the wide staircase, into the great hall of the building, and slowly passed a bier. The bier was simple, low and black draped. It stood at the head of a wide, central aisle, in front of a great platform hung with folds of black and ornamented with greens.

In front of the foliage and looking down upon the bier was a bronze bust of the dead man. It had been made by his second son and finished only a few months before. On one occasion during the work on that bust the father had remarked to his two sons: "When I am dead, you boys will have this bust to

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carry in my funeral procession, as was the custom with the Romans." And so the words had come to pass, for, without knowledge of this incident, some one had gone to the home at Fort Hamilton, brought the bust and set it up over the casket.

Why did Henry George speak of a funeral procession? Why did he suggest a matter so out of keeping with his accustomed retirement and modesty? Why should he think there would be any demonstration at his funeral? The reason was the same as that which caused him years earlier suddenly to halt in the middle of Broadway while in the act of crossing the street with one of his sons and, with entire irrelevancy to the topic about which they had last talked, exclaim: "Yes, I could die now." When his son asked him what his words meant, he roused as from a reverie, and walking to the sidewalk, answered: "I was thinking that I could die now and the work would go on. It no longer depends upon one man. It is no longer a

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'Henry George' movement—a one-man movement. It is the movement of many men in many lands. I can help it while I live; but my death could not stop it. The Great Revolution has begun."

In like spirit he had said to his wife a few weeks before his death, as she sat beside him in his work room: "The great, the very great advancement of our ideas may not show now, but it will. And it will show more after my death than during my life. Men who are now holding back will then acknowledge that I have been speaking the truth. Neither of us can tell which of us will die first. But I shall be greatly disappointed if you precede me, for I have set my heart on having you hear what men will say of me and our cause when I am gone."

These incidents explain why this uniformly modest man referred to a funeral procession for himself. He believed, with all his soul believed, that he had found the way and the only way to rid civilization of its cancer—its

extremes of wealth and want, that lead some to the madness and destruction of vanity, and multitudes into the suffering and brutishness of poverty. He believed the remedy lay in making all men equal before nature by the simple process of letting any who would, hold land, but compelling him to pay its entire rental value in the form of a tax into the public treasury. Each paying the full value of all the land he held, there would be no object in holding land not at once to be used, or in not using land to its highest capacity. On the contrary, all land, used or unused, being compelled to yield to the state its full annual value, the man who held valuable land idle would find that he had to pay as heavily on it as if the land were put to its highest use, since the value of the land itself, not its produce, would be the thing taxed. The land value tax would discourage—would kill—land monopoly. Enormous quantities of valuable land, in cities, towns and villages, in agricultural, timber, mining and grazing regions, would be

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thrown open to users. That is, land—good, accessible, valuable, land—now held out of use in the expectation that increasing population will be compelled to pay a large advance for it, would become cheaper and easier to get.

And since all men are land users in some form, this would be a common benefit. Land being at the base of all production, all production would be wonderfully stimulated; and doubly stimulated when, the revenue received from ground rents being sufficient to satisfy the needs of government, all other taxes could be remitted. This would remove a mountain of taxation from the shoulders of labor. It would concentrate the revenue burden in a single tax resting upon land values. It would, in effect, give to the producer the full measure of that which he produced, while he that would not work, neither should he eat.

There then would be no spectacle of some men rioting in superabundance and other men, willing and anxious to work, unable to find opportunity to work. Then some would not be

landlords and others landless. Then all would be equal before nature; all would have the same right to land. Present titles could remain, but the value would be shared by all. Such as possessed land having any advantage would pay the equivalent of that advantage in the shape of a tax into the common coffer.

This order of things would bring forth a race of free, independent, self-respecting, generous, high-spirited men, who would advance to new and undreamed of heights of civilization. With greater and greater ease they would satisfy the animal wants, and give more and more play to the development of the mental and moral natures.

This was the great idea that filled the soul of Henry George. It was the redemption of the world from involuntary poverty and from its grim daughters, suffering and sin. He had, he believed, pointed the way of salvation, and he was confident that the world would sooner or later come to believe with

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him. And with this conviction he went to his death.

Twenty-seven years before, Henry George, as a young newspaper correspondent, fresh from the "open West," had walked the streets of New York "sick at heart" at the depths of poverty he beheld in this proudest city on the continent. Moses had heard a voice from the bush calling him to lead the people out of the land of bondage. So this unknown young newspaper writer from San Francisco suddenly, there in the daylight, as he walked in the open street, felt a great spirit fill and thrill him, and a cry come within him to lead a new exodus—to lead the poor and oppressed out of their industrial bondage into a condition of peace and plenty. For surely, he reasoned, the Almighty, who has so beautifully adapted means to ends even to the tiniest atom, has not intended civilized men to be degraded to a station lower than beasts! He did not know how to reach the condition of peace and plenty, nor even where it lay; but he took a solemn

vow that he would not rest until he had found both.

Nor did he rest. This great question "tormented" him and would not let him rest. And suddenly the answer came. The answer to the riddle of poverty lay in the monopolization of nature, in land speculation. Giving some men the land and shutting others away from it made one class the masters of the others; produced the evil contrast of riches and poverty. Tax away monopoly; tax the speculators out. Clear away the dogs in the manger. Cheapen and open land by taxing it out of the hands of the forestallers. Then all who wanted work would be able to get it; tramps and beggars would be lost and forgotten in the past.

And following the discovery came long years of thinking and writing and speaking. At first they were years of intense and lonely labor, when the hopelessness of reaching and moving men's minds almost killed the high purpose and turned effort to the study of self-

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ease. For the reception of the first writings had little to encourage and cheer; the audience for the first speech was only a "beggarly array of empty benches." But by degrees the audiences increased until multitudes felt the sincerity of the speaker and the truth of his message. Quietly the writings extended their sway, until even in England, the center of civilization, the institutions of privilege were aroused to take up the battle gage of the man whom one of its spokesmen scornfully styled "The Prophet of San Francisco." The movement for the resumption of the land for all the people by the institution of a single tax falling upon land values irrespective of improvements had come to be a world-movement, and Henry George's writings had won a circulation and believers such as no writings of the kind ever before had had.

The realization of this bore in upon him and filled him with a great joy that he should be given strength to bring hope into men's lives. Yet his task was not finished. He must lead

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to the end. Many came about him and urged him to be candidate for the Mayoralty of the City of New York. To his wife he said: "Will you fail to tell me to go into this campaign? The people want me; they say they have no one else upon whom they can unite. It is more than a question of good government. If I enter the field it will be a question of natural rights, even though as mayor I might not directly be able to do a great deal for natural rights. New York will become the theater of the world and my success will plunge our cause into world politics." And the wife had answered: "You should do your duty at whatever cost."

At whatever cost! What did that mean? It meant that three of his medical friends and a number of his intimates had reminded him of his breaking health, the result of years of enormous, incessant labors, and had warned him against serious results if he entered the political struggle. But he brushed the matter of his health and personal welfare aside

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as of small moment. To one of his medical friends who ventured to tell him that if he persisted the strain might prove fatal, he answered: "But I have got to die. How can I die better than serving humanity? Besides, so dying will do more for the cause than anything I am likely to be able to do in the rest of my life."

And so, waving back all warnings from solicitous friends, he entered the New York City political contest, and became the candidate of the spontaneous party of Thomas Jefferson for the mayoralty. The opening meeting was in Cooper Union on the night of October 5. Henry George lay faint and panting for breath fifteen minutes before he went to the hall. He had the pallor of death when he stood up before the dense audience and in simple language explained the importance of the fight as it appeared to him. And he said respecting the nomination: "I would not refuse it if I died for it."

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Only those close about realized the bravery of his words. But few others realized the great cost of the campaign. Yet to him there was no stay. He had heard the voice from the bush. He must lead the people out of the land of bondage—must lead them to the last footstep, to the last breath. And so leading, he died, stricken by apoplexy on the morning of October 29, four days before the campaign closed—a campaign marked by intense excitement and feeling. The death stunned friend and foe. Then poured in the tribute which he had said would come when he was dead. To the watching world he had fought the greatest of battles and won the supreme victory: he had risked and met death to proclaim justice.

The interment was private, from the home at Fort Hamilton, November 1, in the lot on Ocean Hill in Greenwood. From an early hour the day before, Sunday, the body lay in state in the Grand Central Palace. "Never for statesman or soldier," said one of the news-

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papers, "was there so remarkable a demonstration of popular feeling. At least one hundred thousand persons passed before his bier, and another hundred thousand were prevented from doing so only by the impossibility of getting near it. Unconsciously they vindicated over his dead body the truth of the great idea to which his life was devoted, the brotherhood of man."

In the afternoon the doors of the Grand Central Palace were closed. As the choir from Plymouth Church opened the public services with a simple hymn, a hush fell upon the multitude that crowded the great hall to its utmost. Then the service of the Episcopal church was read by the Rev. R. Heber Newton, the boyhood and manhood friend—the friend to whom the dead man had written but a few days before: "Vote for Low or vote for me, as you may judge best. I shall in any event be true. What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Next the Rev. Lyman Abbott and Rabbi Gottheil in

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order recounted the peerless courage and the ancient wisdom of the man at whose bier they stood. And after them arose Dr. McGlynn, who had suffered years of excommunication from the Catholic church for the cause for which Henry George had died, and yet who had steadily gone on preaching the great truth until in the end he was reinstated and justified, with the ban lifted from his teachings. Henry George had called him "a Peter the Hermit," and "an army with banners." The clergymen preceding had spoken with earnestness, eloquence and power. To these qualities the priest added such moving passion of faith and hope that the great audience swayed with feeling. It cast off all funeral restraint and gave vent to emotion in applause. Nor did the applause cease when Dr. McGlynn had finished and John S. Crosby, a brother-at-arms in the campaign, arose and extolled the civic virtues of the dead man. Seldom have men spoken as those men spoke; seldom has there been such inspiration; seldom has a funeral

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gathering applauded with hope instead of melting into the cries and lamentations of grief.

Truly the soul of the dead was marching on.

HENRY GEORGE, Jr.



The Choir sang "Lead, Kindly Light."

The funeral service was read by the
Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D.

The Choir chanted the Lord's Prayer.

Dr. Newton offered prayer.

The addresses followed.

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ADDRESS OF THE REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.

He who lies before us in death was honored by all men. All over the world men and women are paying him the same tribute to-day that we do. This tribute comes from those who agreed with him in his economic opinions; from those who agreed only in part with him; and from those who disagreed with him entirely. All men, of all shades of opinion, have united in this testimonial; for in such an hour as this we all agree that the spirit in man is more important than any creed.

We are gathered here this afternoon, not to eulogize Henry George—his life is his monument. We are gathered here to express our affection and reverence for his estate, for one who carried through life the spirit of the Christ. If to give one's life for the enlighten-

ment of man, for his betterment, is to follow Christ, then this man was a follower of Christ. If to give one's self to the service of one's fellow man is to follow Christ, then he truly followed Christ. The spirit which leads a man on unselfishly in the service of others is the spirit of Christ himself.

What it is to follow Christ ought to be clear to the world by this time, yet it is not. He has made himself perfectly clear in his first reported sermon:

The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

If to give one's life to a proclamation of glad tidings to those who are poor, to the emancipation of those who are in bonds, to the enlightenment of those who are in darkness, and comfort and healing to those who

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are broken hearted—if to do these things be to follow Christ's footsteps, then surely it would be hard to name a man who during the last twenty-five years has followed Christ more faithfully than he whose sudden death calls us here today. To this, Christ gave his life. It is said of him that he went about doing good. To go about doing good is to follow Christ. No ritual, nor creed, nor ceremony, nor church-going, but service is following Christ. Not to attend a church or synagogue, not to subscribe to a creed, not to belong to an industrial or so-called social association, not to belong to any of these things—but to live as he lived, to love as he loved, to serve as he served. And if this is true, if to follow Christ is to give one's self to the service of humanity, then there are some in the church of Christ that do not follow him, and some outside that do. If this be to follow Christ, then there are many who live with eyes sometimes so blinded by their tears that they see him dimly or not at all, who yet follow him.

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Men ask, How do you account for the decay of religion? I reply that there is no decay of religion, that religion has never been so vital and so widely diffused as it is today. We do not care so much about ritual and church organizations, and theological definitions and creeds; and perhaps we do not care enough for them, but we do care about our fellow-men more and more as the years go by. If Christianity is service, unselfish service, then this age is more Christian than all preceding ages. If it be true that he is greatest who is servant of all, then is this the more Christianly great of all ages. In art, science, literature, journalism, education, the few wise, cultivated, masterful are ministering to the many. It is only in commerce and industry that the many are ministering to the few. That commerce and industry might be made Christian, as science, art, literature, government and education have been made Christian, Henry George devoted his life. Whether we think

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his method was the best or not, we must honor the life so devoted, so consecrated.

It is because I believe that Henry George was a true and noble follower of Christ that I, a follower of Christ also, am glad to be here to speak these simple words. He followed Christ in the spirit with which he pursued his aim in life. Industrial injustice he did not look upon as an irremediable wrong. He did not study economic questions in the quietude of a library; he plunged himself into life. He identified himself with those whose wrongs he suffered as though they were his own. He interpreted those wrongs through his own strong feelings. He loved truth, but he loved truth most because truth served mankind. He loved his fellow-men, and loved to identify himself with his fellow-men. He served his fellow-men with a consecration worthy of more than our praise; worthy of our imitation.

With his brilliant talents, with his mastery of the English language, with his knowledge of economic principles, with his rare power of

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expression, with his genius for arousing enthusiasm, Henry George might have attained almost any position he chose in political life, or in journalism, or in social life, had he been willing to yield one iota of his convictions, or even to make such compromises as most of us deem it quite proper to make. But he was inflexible when he believed he was right. He never considered the effect upon himself of anything he said or did. I have stood beside him on the same platform, and have heard him utter truths that seemed to me at times to be needlessly unwelcome to those to whom they were addressed, and have read in his works the same obnoxious utterances as plainly made. It would be difficult to find a public teacher in America who considered less the immediate effect of his utterances, or the effect immediate or ultimate on himself, than did Henry George.

When the campaign came on friends admonished him. No soldier ever entered battle with a clearer consciousness of personal dan-

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ger. But he was brave, and he died in attestation of his faith, in the support of his principles, and in the cause of the people he desired to serve.

I believe that the secret of Henry George's unflinching courage, his undaunted faith in man and his constant hope of victory, was in his faith in God. I do not mean his theological belief in God, but his personal faith in and fellowship with the living God, a good God, a God who is a father to His children.

If faith in God, faith in man, and the life inspired by that faith is Christlike, then Henry George's was a Christlike life. It was such a life, it seems to me, as should convince of the immortality of the human soul even those who profess to be unbelievers. Even they cannot believe that such a life as this has ceased to be.



ADDRESS OF RABBI GUSTAV GOTT-
HEIL.

Before the civic contest is decided in which this brave man staked his life, death has cast his irrevocable vote in favor of him, and crowned him victor in the race for a crown that outshines and will outlast the transient triumphs of the coming battle.

Friend and foe stand side by side in reverent awe by his lifeless frame. In sealing his lips forever, death opened those of myriads to speak his praise and manifest their gratitude to the man whose thoughts were ever for liberty, justice and humanity.

He advocated a social order in which every toiler should be sure of his due reward, and poverty and degradation should be unknown. A wail of grief is heard from all parts of the country, and once more the ancient Hebrew

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maxim is confirmed: "The truly wise are greater in their death than in their lives."

There were three elements in the nature of Henry George that will fix the stability of his work for generations and generations to come:

First, the absolute honesty of both his thoughts and his statements. He went in search of truth and accepted it as he found it—not fearing to run counter to established opinions held to be fundamental in social order. In the spirit of the old prophets he would declare the word of God as it was borne in unto him, and he would speak his message in clear and unmistakable language. Now, God has so armed all utterances that whatever error may be mingled with truth, it can never fail of its reward. Time, which tries all things, will separate the dross from the gold, but the weight of an upright word in season, uttered uprightly, always makes for righteousness, and inspires other souls to rise and do likewise.

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And the second element of his teaching is, that it was gathered on the field of real life and existing conditions, and that its deepest roots lay in the brave man's own experience. It was not the result of abstract thinking. It did not aim at constructing a system. He faced the facts of life and grappled with the problems they present, for the purpose of changing them into better facts and more wholesome adjustments.

Lastly, and this perhaps is the chief cause of the hold he gained on the affections of the people, he was impelled to his efforts by a deep sympathy with his fellow-men, whom he considered to be exposed to sufferings and privations which are not beyond the power of good men to remedy. The people felt a generous and brotherly sympathy in all his teachings; and it was simply heart answering heart that gained him their confidence and ranged vast crowds of followers under his banner.

They say that his theories were dangerous because they seemed to create dissatisfaction

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and consequent restlessness among the working classes; but that is altogether beside the question. The only true standard for any theory is furnished in the measure of real and lasting good which it will do to that particular class; and if a theory can stand that test, it can never fail of proving of great benefit to all classes; it cannot fail to bring new strength to the whole social fabric. Great reformatations have always been heralded by unrest.

Measured by these standards, we may be confident that the life of this brave son of a free and generous nation will be chronicled in its annals in letters of gold. Nay, beyond the limits of his native land his name will be known and respected as one of the hosts of God's servants, who desire to glorify him in the eyes of men by establishing among them a reign of happiness, of justice and of universal peace. I pray for the peace, the strength and the comfort of his bereaved family, while his memory will be for blessing and thanksgiving that he has been, for generations to come.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. EDWARD
McGLYNN, D.D.

This place is not devoted to religion, but to industry and art. Today it is consecrated. We stand here in the presence of a messenger. It is the messenger of death. But he appals not the heart of man. We stand upon ground made sacred by one raised up by the Father in Heaven to send messages to men—messages of truth, of righteousness, of justice, of peace, of fraternity.

He died in a struggle—not for the chair of the mayoralty of New York! Oh, no! for that was altogether too small for him. He died in a struggle upon which he had gladly, enthusiastically entered, to deal blows, and willing to take blows for the rights of man; for the teaching of universal truths; for the making of better men; to fight for a cause which would make the magnificent truths of the Declaration of Independence something more than glittering generalities.

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The chair of the president of the United States were all too small for such a man! He was not merely a philosopher and a sage; he was a seer, a forerunner, a prophet; a teacher sent from God. And we can say of him, as the Scriptures say: "There was a man sent of God whose name was John." And I believe that I mock not those sacred Scriptures when I say: "There was a man sent of God whose name was Henry George."

[The tension on the audience which had been gradually increasing as the reverend orator delivered his impressive periods, now gave way. Some moments before, when Dr. McGlynn was first seen to enter the hall, there had been a slight demonstration, instantly suppressed by a murmured "H-u-s-h" from those who thought of the presence of the dead. But now, to those of his followers who believed in him as seer and prophet, Henry George was not dead but living. They forgot the slain; they remembered only the glory of the fight. When the tumultuous hand-clapping had ceased, Dr. McGlynn continued.]

We know the noble, the eloquent man who lies here before us. We have heard the utterances of the great and good men who have preceded me. We have heard with peculiar delight, I am sure, from the venerable Dr. Abbott, of the Christlike character of the man. It brings to my mind a momentous occasion eleven years ago when there were assembled in another hall in this city a great body of men—men of all professions, lawyers, doctors, artisans, laboring men—to ratify the nomination made by the Central Labor Union of this same man for the mayoralty of New York. I said then, and I have never regretted it, and I have heard with a peculiar gladness from the lips of Dr. Abbott that he was, as I then said, a man of a Christlike heart.

It was a peculiar providence of God which took this lad Henry George—a lad with so little schooling, this printer's boy at the case, this sailor before the mast, this tramp printer looking for occupation to maintain his wife—and made him the instrument for good which

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he became, the messenger of a great truth. The magnificent brain in that dome-like head puzzled over economic truths, while his heart was torn with grief at the sight of the poverty, the misery, the crime he met with on every side. He asked the questions: "Oh, Lord, how long?" "Why does the victory always seem to go to the strong?" "Why are the strong permitted to rob and exterminate the masses?" "Is this God's kingdom on earth?"

Yes. That wondrous brain was filled with an idea. It was battling with these questions while his tender heart was made sore because of the inadequate answers he was receiving from the petty text-books of political economy, books whose authors confessed their ignorance, and caused political economy to be called the dismal and dreary science.

Surely it was a divine providence which raised up such a man, so that dying as he has died the whole world is shocked. In all civilized lands, in many half-civilized lands,

wherever the name of Henry George has gone, the world's heart has ceased to beat for the moment. His works have been read by millions of people. In every language and in every clime Henry George speaks to all humanity today.

Why is this vast gathering assembled here today, and a vastly greater crowd are outside seeking admission? Why is it that vast multitudes have come from early morn, from almost before the rising of the sun, to gaze mournfully and lovingly on his face, and to again contemplate the noble character of the man? It is because there was a man sent from God, and his name was Henry George. [Applause.]

Indeed it were a pity that such a man should be elected mayor of New York! It was well that he was spared the ignoble strife and the dull care of a mere administrative office. It would indeed be a pity that he should have been compelled to bear the petty crosses, the unending strife, the unceasing troubles of such a position. I repeat, no administrative office

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was worthy of the spirit of this seer, of this poet, of this prophet, of this messenger from God. [Applause.] He died just when he should have died, just as he ought to have died.

It is a great thing to be a preacher, to hold the hearts and minds of men. If we follow with our hearts what he has said, it will bring us to the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It is a greater and better thing to be an apostle. It is still greater to add to the character of an apostle that of a crusader. But it is the greatest and best thing in the preacher, the apostle or the crusader, to have died for his faith. At first, when an apostle preached Christ's faith, men were disposed to regard him as unpractical, as a visionary, as asking too much of men; and it was only by dying for their faith that the faith of the crusaders of old began to live. Henry George by dying for his faith has become a martyr. [Great applause.]

He had the lion's heart, the heart of a hero. But like all great or lion-hearted men there was added to him much of the woman. He had the patience, the forgiveness of the sweetest, gentlest and best woman. It was that loving heart of his that grieved over the sin and misery that he saw. How could it all be under the guidance of a loving Father? But when he had solved the riddle, as no other man had been able to solve it, and discovered the truth, the cause of all that misery and sin, then he was at peace. In the concluding chapter of that immortal work of his he makes a confession and a profession, and says that the faith that was dead within him had revived. "Yes," he says, "God is the best of fathers. He has provided well for his children; he has provided lavishly for them; he has filled the world with his bounties; he has spread a bountiful feast for all; he has loaded his table so well that there is enough for all around it. It is not the niggardliness of nature, but the criminality and stupidity of man

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that makes the apparent scarcity." [Tremendous applause.]

That immortal work was enough, and it is impossible for a man with a heart that has not been hardened, to read it without arising from its perusal better and purer, or else becoming a worse man through hardening his heart to the truths contained therein. [Applause.] That book is the work of a sage, of a seer, of a philosopher, of a poet. It is not merely political philosophy. It is a poem; it is a prophecy; it is a prayer.

This man, so peculiarly sent of God, not only to this country and this generation, but to all countries and all generations yet to come, should he occupy the commonplace office of mayor of New York, or president of the United States?

We hope and pray for that reign of peace foretold by the prophets, the kingdom of heaven. That surely must be preceded by the kingdom of God on earth. In that day all will honor the patriotism of this man, and the

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name of Henry George will be revered. [Great applause.] Then there will be a parliament of men. There shall be heard this world-wide English speech of ours. There will be praise for those who brought about the reign of brotherhood, the reign of peace. And there, when the names of the mayors of New York and the presidents of the United States will be but little more than catalogues of names, or called to memory only by an allusion in history, in a niche in one of the walls of the hall of that parliament of nations, there shall be found honored, loved and revered the name of Henry George. [Tremendous applause.]



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Now followed a scene that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The ceremonies were over,—at least so the audience thought. The impressive tones of McGlynn's voice and the applause that followed his speech were dying away. It was a fitting climax, so it seemed, that the last words over the great leader dead, should be said by one who stood so close to him in life as the eloquent priest of St. Stephen's. Some on the outer seats rose to go, when a man who was a stranger to most of the assembly stepped to the front of the platform. Who could this be that dared to follow McGlynn? Surely he did not realize the task he had undertaken. Yet the fine presence of the man, the resonant tones of his voice immediately commanded attention. The speaker was John Sherwin Crosby, who had been selected by the committee, with excellent judgment as it proved, to close

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the ceremonies. Those who had risen, turned around,—listened,—sat down. In a moment the applause was renewed, wilder, more enthusiastically than before. Not cheering, as some of the papers had it,—those who longed to cheer were restrained by the presence of the dead,—but tumultuous hand-clapping. The unknown orator had captured his audience as no other had that day, and they responded to his eloquent words as the tree-tops sway to the gale. It was no longer of Henry George the man, that the orator spoke, but of Henry George the fallen leader in a great cause—a cause dear to his hearers' hearts; and the applause that went up was as the shout of a host rushing to the battle. It was exultant, defiant; the orator before them breathed their spirit, spoke with their voice, and they went wild with enthusiasm.

Funeral Addresses

ADDRESS OF JOHN SHERWIN CROSBY.

I should not, my friends, even if there were time, here attempt any eulogy of the dear friend whose loss we mourn. I have not the command of language or of feeling requisite to an adequate expression of any part of the measureless praise that is due and will be accorded to this brave tribune of the people. Standing here in his presence, as it seems to me, I feel that if those mute lips could break the silence that enchains them we should hear him say: "Speak not of me, but of the principles I have advocated. I have laid down my life in the struggle to secure their practical recognition in the politics of my country. I call on you who remain upon the scene of action to continue that struggle; to keep up the fight until victory is won." [The audience burst into applause.]

Here on this sad Sabbath day, the day that was made for man, at the open-standing portals through which our beloved leader has passed from time to the eternity that awaits us all, let us ask, and answer if we can, this question: Why is it that at the death of this plain, unassuming man, who, although known throughout the world, never held station of worldly honor; whose writings have seldom appeared in dress more pretentious than a cheap paper cover, having been slighted and discredited by concerted action of those whose office it is to make known whatever truth may be discovered; why is it that thousands of men and women are today assembled, not only here at his funeral by the Atlantic, but on the other side of the continent by the Pacific, at this same hour, in that very hall in San Francisco where he first gave public utterance to his sublime theories? [Applause.] Why is it that not only in this country but throughout all lands there is this unprecedented manifestation of a universal, common

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sorrow at his loss? Is it because he was a good man? He was a good man. No whiter soul ever winged its way to regions of celestial peace. But other good men have died, are dying every day, and yet we see no such demonstration as this. An able man? Men of the greatest ability are constantly passing away, but they are paid no such tribute as that accorded to this man. Why, then, this world-wide mourning?

This man had a theory—was said to be a man of one idea. If that theory be false, that idea a mere vagary, why, as he passes away, does the world rise and stand uncovered in honor of the man who proclaimed it? It is the natural, universally spontaneous recognition of Henry George's theory as an essential part of God's eternal truth. [Tremendous applause.]

One word about this theory of his. Much has been truly and eloquently said in regard to the probable effects of its adoption. He believed that when put into practice it would,

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by removing the cause, eventually result in the abolition of involuntary poverty. There are those who say that he was over sanguine as to results, which they assert could not be so beneficent and far-reaching as he thought. But it matters not, my friends, what the result would be. That is not your business or mine. Shall we stop to discuss results before doing what we know to be right? If so, how long? Henry George has demonstrated beyond all question that what he demands, that all he asks, is simple justice. [Great applause.]

It has been said that he threatened established institutions. Threatened? He has not only threatened them; he has shaken them to their foundations. [Prolonged applause.] Threatened your institutions, has he? To whom have you built statues in your cities but to men who threatened your institutions? Your Garrisons and Phillipses, your Lincolns, Sumners and Sewards, all threatened institutions defended in their time by pulpit and press, as you know. Yes, Henry George has threat-

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ened established institutions, and they are now tottering to their fall, because not founded on the eternal rock of justice, but built upon the shifting sands of expediency.

Henry George believed in the Declaration of Independence; accepted the self-evident truth of its sublime preamble that every man has, by the very nature of his being, certain inalienable rights; rights derived not from governments; rights, of his absolute, indefeasible title to which no government or established order can deprive him; rights, chief among which is the right to a place on earth. [Great applause.] He saw that one man has as much and the same right on earth as another, and that if one man has as much right as another, no man can have any more right than another. [Applause.]

This man was no dreamer. He had no plan for remodeling the state or reconstructing society. Plato in his "Republic," More in "Utopia," Bacon and Bellamy have given us visions of society arbitrarily moulded accord-

ing to man's finite conception of what it ought to be. They proposed to deal with results rather than causes—giving little thought as to the feasibility or justice of means by which their dreams were to be realized. Henry George, on the other hand, in his great book "Progress and Poverty," beginning with fundamental principles, absolute truth, with axioms, as in mathematics, proceeds by logical deductions to inevitable conclusions. And no man yet has ever answered him. [Great applause. A voice: "And no man ever will."]

Exalted as he was in sublimity of political wisdom, he held himself not aloof from the uncongenial associations incident to practical politics, and shirked no humblest duty of the citizen. To the very last hour he was earnestly endeavoring to arouse all men, men of every class and station, the men of this great metropolis and of the world, to a sense of personal responsibility for the continuance of institutional wrongs; urging them to demand at every point that justice be done by the gov-

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ernment we are all compelled to uphold.
[Great applause.]

There lie the remains of a man who was Thomas Jefferson reincarnate. [Sensation.] Greater even than Jefferson, for, although the latter saw the injustice and denied the right of so-called private property in land, not to him but to this man was it given to demonstrate to the world how the natural, common, equal, inalienable right of all men to the earth may be secured to all without injury to any, and without disturbance to society. He demonstrated, moreover, that unless that right be secured it is in vain that we pray "Thy kingdom come." [Great applause:] When we pray for the coming of God's kingdom, and the doing of His will upon earth, do we expect the answer to come all at once? Through some change in the climate or the order of the seasons? By any standing still of the sun? It must come, if at all, through some change in the institutions, customs and laws that we ignorantly maintain in opposition to the will of

God. By whom is that will to be done on earth if not by the men and women living upon it? Emerson has said that every great reform was once a thought in the mind of some one man. What was once but a thought in the mind of this one man has become a force that moves the world today. [Vociferous applause.]

As Paul stood on Mars Hill and proclaimed to the Athenians the Unknown God whom they ignorantly worshipped, so this man for the last quarter of a century has stood aloft proclaiming democracy to democrats. I speak not of any party, but of all men who, with Jefferson and Lincoln, still ask: "If we cannot trust the people to govern themselves, whom can we trust to govern them?" Speaking to such men, Henry George has been saying: "Jeffersonian democracy which you ignorantly worship, that I declare unto you." The political party, be it called Democratic or Republican, or by any other name, that does not recognize the equal right of every man to

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a place on earth—the government that fails to secure that right—must eventually go down, as parties, governments and civilizations have gone down in the past. [Tremendous applause.] But I will not detain you. [Cries of “Go on,” “Go on,” and applause.]

If I thought that things were to go on as they are—and as some in high places tell us that they must, in the order of Providence, continue to go on—my prayer would be for God to stop the multiplication of a race, the majority of whom are to know only poverty, degradation and shame. That is what we should pray for if we believe the existing social disorder to be the natural order. But if we have faith in God, and believe that whenever He makes a thing right He also makes it practicable, then may we pray, hope and work, as did Henry George, for the coming of the kingdom. [Great applause.]

Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation was not more essential to an understanding of physical phenomena than is the theory of

Henry George to an intelligent comprehension of the principles of political economy and civil government. The single tax, or "natural taxation," is in reality not a tax, not a taking of private revenue, but simply an appropriation by the public of a revenue which, in its very source and nature, is essentially public, and therefore belongs to the public. Long ago in the book of Ecclesiastes was it written: "The profit of the earth is for all"; long ago in the book of Proverbs: "In all labor there is profit"; and the problem of all the centuries since has been how to effect a just distribution of these two kinds of profit. It was the mission of Henry George to solve that problem—the problem of poverty, the labor problem, the problem that underlies all other social problems. And he has solved it. He has pointed out the way, the only way, in which the profit of the earth may be shared by all, the only way in which the profit of labor can be secured to the laborer. His work finished, his mission ended,

Funeral Addresses

he hears the welcome summons: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The body of Henry George lies here. His soul has gone to the bosom of his Father. And soon his body, by gentle hands uplifted and followed by loving hearts, will be borne to peaceful Greenwood, there to rest upon the bosom of his mother Earth, her child, the one who above all others of his time realized and recognized the common, equal brotherhood of all her children. [Prolonged applause.]



Immediately after the funeral the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton said to a friend: "At first I was shocked by the applause; but as I reflected, it seemed to me impossible that the audience should not applaud. This was not a funeral; it was a resurrection."



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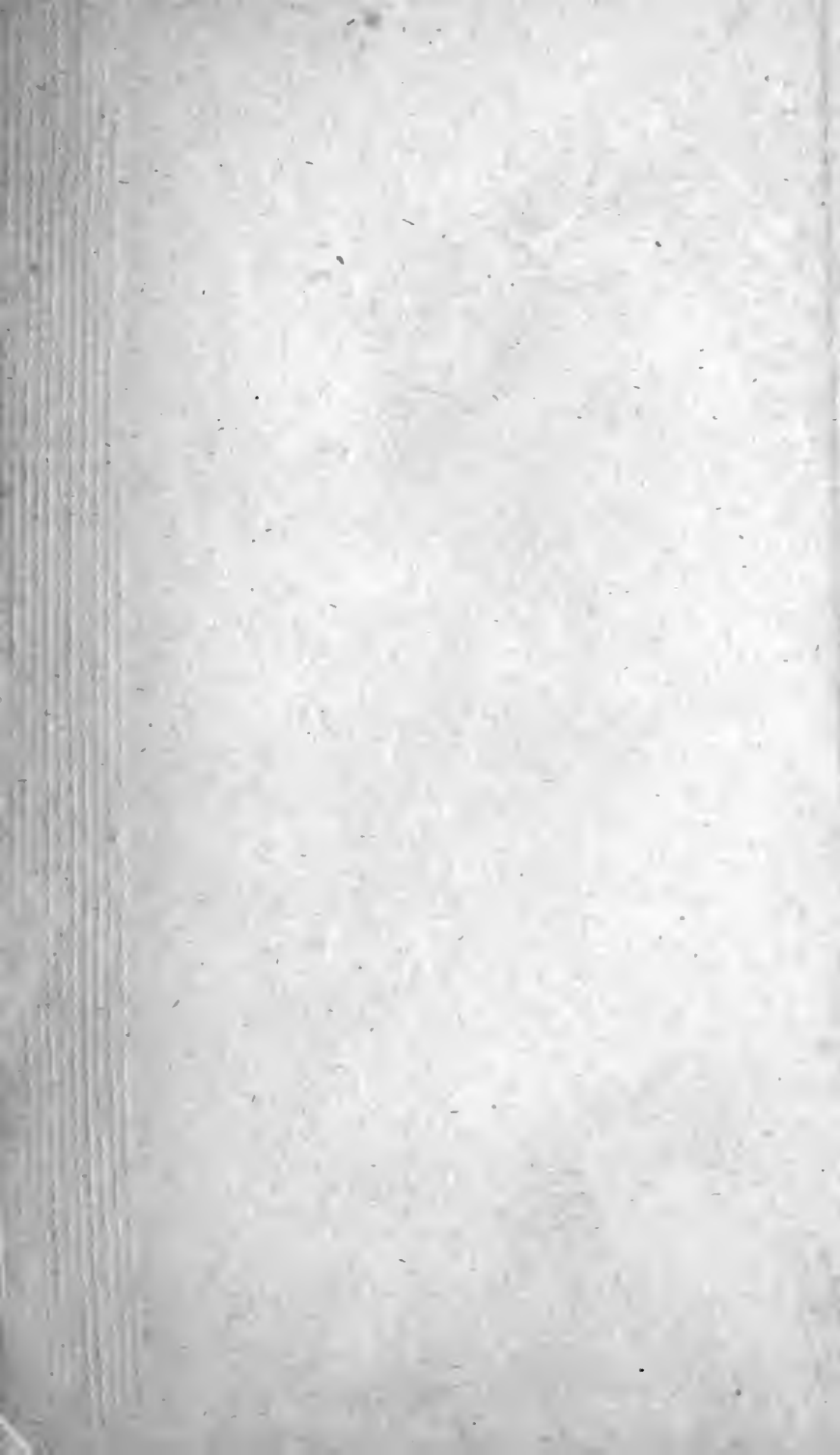
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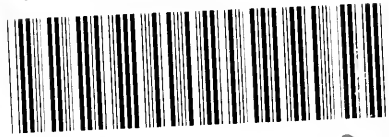
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